THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 15, 1802.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of COMMON PLEAS,

February 27.

WALKER *v.* STEVENSON.

THIS trial laſted thirteen hours, and excited a conſiderable degree of attention.

This caſe came now before a jury for the third time: it was firſt tried in the court of King's Bench before Lord Kenyon, and the verdict was for the plaintiff; the ſecond time was in the Common Pleas, before Lord Eldon, and the verdict was for the defendant. At each trial ſome new evidence was produced.

This was an ejectment on the title brought for certain freehold property in the city of London (of the value of 10,000l.) by the plaintiff, who is heir at law, againſt the defendant, who is deviſee, and reſiduary legatee of the late Mrs. Mary Robinſon, who died in the year 1786, at Romford, in Eſſex, being then 76 years of age, and leaving a will, (under which the defendant claims), bearing date above a twelvemonth before her deceaſe. The defendant's caſe being merely to prove the will, and that the teſtatrix was of a ſound mind at the time of making it, was firſt entered into.

The Rev. Mr. Straw, a diſſenting miniſter in the town of Romford, and a Mr. Haywood, who was landlord of the houſe occupied by Mrs. Robinſon in the town of Romford, proved, that ſhe was a very ſhrewd, keen, ſenſible woman, and by no means impaired in her faculties at the time the will bears date; that ſhe had mentioned ſeveral times to them, that ſhe did not intend to leave her property to her relations. On this ſubject ſhe had made uſe of a remarkable expreſſion. One of her diſ-

tant relations was talking at her table of an old lady, who was lately dead and probably gone to H—l. "Why to H—l?" cried Mrs. Robinſon,—"Becauſe," replied her relation, "ſhe has left all her property away from her relations, and given it to ſtrangers." "If ſhe is to be d—d for that," ſaid Mrs. Robinſon, "I ſuppoſe I ſhall be d—d too, for, I aſſure you, Madam, I do not intend to leave you a farthing." As to the will itſelf, the ſignature was proved to be her hand writing. The hand writing was alſo proved of Mr. Geale and Mr. Reynolds, two of the witneſſes to the will (ſince dead). It was proved that they were men of very reſpectable character in the profeſſion of attornies, and above the ſuſpicion of being concerned in a groſs fraud. As there was one ſurviving witneſs to the will (Timothy Cooperſon), the defendant was obliged to produce him to prove the execution of the will, although it was well known it was on his teſtimony, and on the account he was to give of that tranſaction, the plaintiff ſupported his caſe, while the defendant's reſted principally on diſcrediting him with the jury.

T. Cooperſon (the ſurviving witneſs to the will) ſaid, that he lived, in the year 1785, at the time of this tranſaction, with Stevenſon's father, as a ſhopman. He was nephew to the wife of Stevenſon, ſen. but was forbid to call her aunt, and lived in the houſe on the footing of a ſervant; remembers, that Geale, who was attorney to the Stevenſons, came into the ſhop of Stevenſon, ſen. and in company with Mr. Reynolds, at that time his clerk, told the witneſs he muſt go down into the country with them to witneſs that ſame paper. Mr. Stevenſon, ſen. alſo deſired him to go; this was about three o'clock in the afternoon. He accordingly accompanied Mr. Geale and Mr. Reynolds in a poſt-chaiſe to the town of Romford, where they ſtopped a conſiderable time at the inn; that from thence, when it was late in the evening, they went to the houſe of Mrs. Robinſon, and were ſhewn into the parlour, where they met the defendant, who afterwards went up ſtairs to the room where Mrs. Robinſon was ſitting, and after ſtaying a conſiderable time there, returned, and brought up Mr. Geale and Mr. Reynolds; afterwards the witneſs was ſent for. The witneſs ſays, that on entering the room he ſaw Mrs. Robinſon (whom he had never ſeen before) ſeated in a chair, with a table before her, and papers on it: that ſhe appeared in a ſtate of the utmoſt ſtupidity or intoxication; that ſhe began to ſign her name, but not being well able to finiſh it, the pen was taken out of her hand by Mr. Geale, and again put into it; that at length ſhe finiſhed the name, and the witneſſes ſigned; but, that in his opinion, ſhe was by no means in a ſtate to execute any paper; that there were no words paſſed by which the witneſs knew this paper to be a will; that the defendant was preſent at the execution of the will, and, to the beſt of his recollection, the maid ſervant of Mrs. Robinſon was preſent,

who

who then went by her maiden name, Betty Bodkin, but who is now Mrs. Stephenſon, wife to the defendant. This paper was ſigned at ſo late an hour as eleven o'clock at night. The witneſſes then returned in a poſt-chaiſe to town, where they arrived about two o'clock in the morning. On his return home, he had ſome converſation with his aunt, who told him, "that paper you ſigned is that old lady's will, and young Stevenſon will be the better for it." Some ſhort time after the execution of this will, the witneſs diſobliged the Stevenſons by marrying a ſervant-maid, who, they ſaid, was of bad character; but whom, the witneſs ſays, he married out of a very reſpectable houſe in Cheapſide, and whoſe real fault in the eyes of his relations was, that ſhe was poor. In conſequence of this diſagreement he left his uncle's houſe, and was in different ſervices. At laſt he worked on the quays in the capacity of a ticket-porter for about ſix years, when by the ſeverity of the labour, he broke ſome blood-veſſels, and was diſabled from following that employment. He then worked for different orange-merchants during the ſeaſon, while there was any thing to be done.—When the ſeaſon was over, he ſupported himſelf and his wife by ſelling matches when the weather was bad, and when the weather was fine he carried a ſhew-box about the neighbouring country towns and fairs; that he was once reduced to ſuch a ſtate of poverty as to be obliged to aſk his couſin, the preſent defendant, for a letter to the inqueſt, recommending him for ſome temporary relief. This the defendant gave him with ſome difficulty, and with much apparent indifference. Upon the witneſs's wife calling upon the defendant to thank him for his letter, he puſhed her out of door, and ſaid they got more than they deſerved. In the year 1800, as the witneſs was going to a fair, with a ſhew-box on his back, and accompanied by his wife, he was met near the turnpike at Hampſtead by the preſent plaintiff, who aſked him his name? When he told, he was aſked, was he not a witneſs to this will? He replied in the affirmative, and gave the ſame account of the execution of it that he does at preſent. The plaintiff then took him immediately to his attorney, leaving his ſhew-box and his wife at the turnpike-houſe. The witneſs admits, that the place of porter, which he now has (with the wages of twelve ſhillings a week), was obtained by the recommendation of the plaintiff.

The caſe, both of the plaintiff and defendant, depended on the credit the jury gave to the teſtimony of this witneſs, as the principal queſtion was, whether, at the execution of the will, Mrs. Robinſon was or was not in that ſtate of ſtupor or intoxication deſcribed by this witneſs.

Serjeant Sheppard ſtated the caſe on the part of the plaintiff; he contended, that not the ſlighteſt degree of diſcredit could be thrown on Cooperſon on account of his poverty; that

the defendant had not been able to adduce a ſingle circumſtance againſt his moral character; and that he had ſeveral witneſſes, to whom Cooperſon had been a ſervant, that would prove him to be an induſtrious and very honeſt man, worthy of confidence and credit; that every circumſtance attending the execution of the will confirmed the account given by Cooperſon; he ſhould prove that Mrs. Robinſon, although otherwiſe a ſenſible woman, had the failing of frequently drinking to intoxication; that the manner ſhe ſigned her name, at which ſhe firſt made one or two unſucceſsful attempts, was a proof that ſhe was not then in poſſeſſion of her faculties; that the defendant being himſelf preſent at the execution of the will, employed his own attorney to draw it up; and getting that attorney, his clerk, and his father's ſhopman, to be the witneſſes to it, and to come from London for that purpoſe, was a ſtrong ground of ſuſpicion that ſome foul tranſaction was going forward. In addition to thoſe ſuſpicious circumſtances, the then maid-ſervant of Mrs. Robinſon is now the wife of the defendant; and that maid-ſervant had, after her miſtreſs had been dead and laid out for for ſome hours, told the apothecary that ſhe was in a fine ſleep, and begged that he would not go in to diſturb her. On the very ſame day the will was ſent up to London to be regiſtered.

On all theſe circumſtances Serjeant Sheppard argued with ability, and ſubmitted it to the jury that this old lady's ſignature was obtained in a moment of intoxication; and that will ſo obtained probably had remained in the cuſtody of the defendant ever ſince, without the knowledge of Mrs. Robinſon.

The witneſs for the plaintiff confirmed this ſtatement as to the good character of Cooperſon; and as to Mrs. Robinſon being addicted to drinking. Mr. Andrews, the apothecary, alſo ſwore, that he was refuſed admittance to Mrs. Robinſon's room, in the manner ſtated, after ſhe was dead.

On the part of the defendant, the counſel, in reply, attacked the credibility of Cooperſon, and pointed out ſeveral differences in his teſtimony in this trial from what he ſwore on the other two. He dwelt on the quarrel between him and the Stevenſons, on his concealing this account as long as Geale and Reynolds (the other witneſſes) were alive, and on the improbability of his account of his firſt meeting the plaintiff in the year 1800. He ſaid this was an attempt to ſet aſide a paper authenticated by three witneſſes on the teſtimony of one; and that the character of the other witneſſes to the will was proved to be ſo reſpectable, that the jury could not preſume them parties in ſo groſs a fraud as this was repreſented to be. He alſo dwelt much on the plaintiff's father, who was heir at law on the deceaſe of Mr. Robinſon, and on the plaintiff himſelf, not making any inquiries about the manner in which this will was executed, or commencing any proceedings, from the year 1786 to the year 1800.

Lord

Lord Alvanley, after having very fully ſtated to the jury the evidence on both ſides, ſubmitted it to them to determine whether this will was or was not obtained by the defendant from Mrs. Robinſon when ſhe was in ſuch a ſtate of ſtupid intoxication as Cooperſon had deſcribed her to be in. The credit they gave to Cooperſon muſt determine their verdict. The jury found for the defendant.

HISTORY *of* WOOD-CUTS.

[From Dr. Gleig's Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica.]

WOOD-CUTS are engravings on wood, commonly on box, which, in many caſes, are uſed with advantage inſtead of copper-plates. The art of cutting or engraving on wood is undoubtedly of high antiquity; for Chineſe printing is a ſpecimen of it. Even in Europe, if credit be due to Papillon, this art was practiſed at a period conſiderably remote; for he mentions eight engravings on wood, entitled, "A repreſentation of the warlike actions of the great and magnanimous Macedonian king, the bold and valiant Alexander; dedicated, preſented, and humbly offered, to the moſt holy father, Pope Honorius IV. by us Alexander Alberic Cunio Chevalier, and Iſabella Cunio," &c. This anecdote, if true, carries the art of cutting in wood back to 1284 or 1285; for Honorius occupied the papal throne only during theſe two years. Even this is not the remoteſt period to which ſome have carried the art in Europe; for the uſe of ſeals or ſignets being of very high antiquity, they imagine the invention of wood-cuts muſt be coeval with them. The ſuppoſition is certainly plauſible, but it is not ſupported by proof. The earlieſt impreſſion of a wooden cut of which we have any certain account, is that of St. Chriſtopher, carrying an infant Jeſus through the ſea, in which a hermit is ſeen holding up a lanthern to ſhew him the way; and a peaſant, with a ſack on his back, climbing a hill, is exhibited in the back ground. The date of the impreſſion is 1423.

In the year 1430, was printed at Haarlem "The Hiſtory of St. John the Evangeliſt, and his Revelation, repreſented in forty-eight figures in wood, by Lowren Janſon Coſter;" and, in 1448, Jorg Schappf, of Augſburg, cut in wood, the hiſtory of the Apocalypſe, and what was called "The poor Man's Bible."

A folio chronicle publiſhed 1493, by Schedal, was adorned with a vaſt number of wood-cuts, by William Plydenwwrff and Michael Wolgemut, whoſe engravings were greatly ſuperior to any thing of the kind which had appeared before them. Wolgemut was the preceptor of Albert Durer, whoſe admirable performances

formances in this department of art are juſtly held in the higheſt eſteem even at the preſent day.

About this time it became the practice of almoſt all the German engravers on copper to engrave likewiſe on wood; and many of their wood-cuts ſurpaſs in beauty the impreſſions of their copper-plates. Such are the wood-cuts of Albert Aldtorfer, Hiſbel Pen, Virgil Soles, and Lucas van Lyden, the friend and imitator of Albert Durer, with ſeveral others. It appears that the Germans carried this art to a ſingular degree of perfection. Hans or John Holbein, who flouriſhed in 1500, engraved the "Dance of Death," in a ſeries of wood-cuts, which for the freedom and delicacy of execution, have hardly been equalled and never ſurpaſſed.

Italy, France, and Holland, have produced many capital artiſts of this kind. John Tornæſium printed a Bible, at Leyden, in 1554, (a copy of which we have ſeen) with wooden cuts of excellent workmanſhip. Chriſtopher Jegher, of Antwerp, from his eminence in the art, was employed by Rubens to work under his inſpection, and he executed many pieces which are held in much eſtimation; the character of theſe is boldneſs and ſpirit.

The next attempt at improvement in this art was by Hugo da Carpi, to whom is attributed the invention of the *chiaro ſcuro*. Carpi was an Italian, and of the 16th century; but the Germans claim the invention alſo, and produce in evidence ſeveral engravings by Mair, a diſciple of Martin Schoen, of date 1499. His mode of performing this was very ſimple. He firſt engraved the ſubject upon copper, and finiſhed it as much as the artiſts of his time uſually did. He then prepared a block of wood, upon which he cut out the extreme lights, and then impreſſed it upon the print; by which means a faint tint was added to all the reſt of the piece, excepting only in thoſe parts where the lights were meant to predominate, which appear on the ſpecimens extant to be whitened with white paint. The drawings for this ſpecies of engraving, were made on tinted paper with a pen, and the lights were drawn upon the paper with white paint.

There is, however, a material difference between the *chiaro ſcuros* of the old German maſters, and thoſe of the Italians. Mair and Cranach engraved the outlines and deep ſhadows upon copper. The impreſſion taken in this ſtate was tinted over by means of a ſingle block of wood, with thoſe parts hollowed out which were deſigned to be left white upon the print. On the contrary, the mode of engraving by Hugo da Carpi was, to cut the outline on the block of wood, the dark ſhadows upon a ſecond, and the light ſhadows, or half tint, upon a third. The firſt being impreſſed upon the paper, the outlines only appeared: this block being taken away, the ſecond was put in its place,

and being put in the ſame place upon the removal of the ſecond, and being alſo impreſſed upon the paper, made the dim tints, when the print was completed. In ſome inſtances, the number of blocks were increaſed, but the operation was ſtill the ſame, the print receiving an impreſſion from every block.

In 1698, John Baptiſt Michel Papillon practiſed engraving on wood with much ſucceſs, particularly in ornamental foliage and flowers, ſhells, &c. In the opinion, however, of ſome of the moſt eminent artiſts, his performances are ſtiff and cramped. From that period, the art of engraving on wood gradually degenerated, and it may be ſaid to have been wholly loſt, when it was lately reinvented by Mr. Bewick, of Newcaſtle.

This eminent artiſt was apprentice to Mr. Bielby, an engraver on metal, ſuch as the faces of clocks, &c. Application having been made to him for a wood-cut or two of the moſt trifling deſcription, the job was given to Thomas Bewick; by whom it was executed in ſuch a manner, that Mr. Bielby, who was accuſtomed to employ his apprentices in ſuch work, adviſed him to proſecute engraving in that line. The advice was followed; and young Bewick inventing tools, even making them with his own hands, and ſawing the wood on which he was to work into the requiſite thickneſs, proceeded to improve upon his own diſcoveries, without aſſiſtance or inſtruction of any kind. When his apprenticeſhip expired, he went to London, where the obſcure wood-engravers of the time wiſhed to avail themſelves of his abilities, while they were determined to give him no inſight into their art. He remained ſome years in London, and during that time, if we miſtake not, received from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. a premium of conſiderable value for the beſt engraving in wood. Returning to Newcaſtle, he entered into copartnerſhip with his old maſter; and eſtabliſhed his reputation as an artiſt by the publication of his admirable "Hiſtory of Quadrupeds." This was followed by his "Hiſtory of Birds," of which only one volume has yet been publiſhed.

John Bewick brother to Thomas, learned the art of him, and practiſed it for ſeveral years in London with great applauſe. His abilities, however, though reſpectable, were not, by the beſt judges, deemed ſo brilliant as his brother's; and owing to bad health, and the nature of his connexion with the bookſellers, and others, he ſeems not to have advanced the art beyond the ſtage at which he received it. He died, three or four years ago, at Newcaſtle.

Mr. Neſbit and Mr. Anderſon have hitherto been the laſt of Thomas Bewick's pupils, who have appeared before the public as artiſts (the former in an edition of Hogarth, the latter in the plates of Grove-hill, a poem.) By theſe gentlemen we are authorized to ſay, that the method, practiſed by the ancient engravers

gravers on wood, whoſe works are ſtill admired, muſt have been different from that of Bewick and his pupils. What that method was, ſeems to be altogether unknown. Papillon, who writes the beſt hiſtory extant of the art, gueſſes indeed in what manner the old engravers proceeded, ſo as to give to their works the ſpirit and freedom for which they are famed; but that his gueſſes are erroneous ſeems evident from the ſtiffneſs of his own works. The principal characteriſtic in the mechanical department of the productions of the ancient maſters is the croſſing of the black lines, which Papillon has attempted with the greateſt awkwardneſs, though it ſeems to have been accompliſhed by them with ſo much eaſe, that they introduce it at random, even where it could add nothing to the beauty of the piece. In Bewick's method of working, this croſs hatching is ſo difficult and unnatural, that it may be conſidered as impracticable. Mr. Neſbit has introduced ſomething of it into two or three of his pieces, merely to ſhow that he *could* do it; but ſo great was the labour, and ſo little the advantage of this improvement, if ſuch it can be called, that probably it will not be attempted again.

The engravers of Bewick's ſchool, work on the end of the wood, which is cut acroſs the trunk of the tree in pieces of the proper thickneſs. As wood cuts are generally employed in the printer's preſs, amid a form of types, this thickneſs muſt be regulated by the height of the types, with which they are to be uſed. The tools employed are nearly the ſame with thoſe uſed in copper-plate engraving, being only a little more deep, or lozenge, as engravers call it. They muſt have points of various degrees of fineneſs for the different purpoſes to which they are applied, ſome of them being ſo much rounded off at the bottom as to approach to the nature of a goodge, while others are in fact little chiſſels of various ſizes. Theſe chiſſels and goodges, to which every artiſt gives the ſhape, which he deems moſt convenient, are held in the hand in a manner ſomewhat different from the tool of the engraver on copper, it being neceſſary to have the power of lifting the chips upward with eaſe. To attempt a deſcription of this in writing would be in vain; but it is eaſily acquired, we are told, by practice.

The pupils of the ſchool of Bewick conſider it as quite improper to ſpeak of his invention as a revival of the ancient art. Some old prints, it is true, have the appearance of being executed in the ſame way with his; but others have certainly been done by a method very different. It is, therefore, not fair to appreciate the preſent art by what has been done, but by what may be done; and that remains yet to be ſhown. The art is in its infancy; and thoſe who are diſpoſed to compare it with the art of engraving on copper, ought to look back to the period when copper-plate engraving was of as recent invention as Bewick's method of engraving on wood. Marc Antonio, who engraved

under the direction of the great painter Raphael, thought it no mean proof of his proficiency in his art, that he was able to imitate on copper-plates the wood-cuts of Albert Durer; and Papillon is highly indignant that there ſhould have been perſons ſo very blind, as to miſtake the copies for the originals. If copper has its advantages over wood in point of delicacy and minuteneſs, wood has, in its turn, advantages not inferior in regard to ſtrength and richneſs. Theſe prints, which were executed under the auſpices of Titian and Rubens, will always remain a monument of the ſpirit and vigour natural to wood-engraving; and if there be not found in them all the attention to *chiaro ſcuro*, which the preſent age demands, it muſt not be attributed either to defect in the art, or to want of abilities in the artiſts, but to the taſte of the times when *chiaro ſcuro* was little underſtood. It remains for ſome enterprizing artiſt, to ſhow that the vigour of the ancient art may be attained by the preſent one, and at the ſame time to add to that vigour thoſe gradations of ſhade, which are ſo much admired in good copper-plates. As there ſeems to be a more perfect, or at leaſt a more pleaſant black produced by wood than by copper-plate printing, and certainly a more perfect white (the parts of the print intended to be white are not even touched by the wood-block), who will ſay that any intermediate ſhade whatever may not be produced by wood-cuts? To attempt this on a ſmall ſcale would indeed be vain, becauſe the ſlighteſt variation, produced by a little more or leſs ink, or a harder preſſure in printing, bears ſuch a proportion to a very ſhort line, as muſt neceſſarily render the attempt abortive.

Wood-engraving, therefore, muſt always appear to diſadvantage while it is confined to ſmall ſubjects, and will never reach its ſtation as a fine art, till thoſe who are engaged in its cultivation improve upon the diſcoveries of one another, and apply to ſubjects to which it is properly adapted. As an œconomical art for illuſtrating mechanicks, and other ſubjects of ſcience, it is too little employed, even in its preſent ſtate.

ACCOUNT *of* MADEIRA.

DURING the recent eſtabliſhment of our troops at this iſland, they experienced from the natives the moſt polite and hoſpitable reception.—The inhabitants are fond of ſhew and ceremony; the ſuperior orders are indolent and honourable; the middle claſs, induſtrious and honeſt; and the mobile, ſervile and lazy.

The 85th regiment occupied the Loo and Pico, or Spaniſh caſtles, the principal batteries commanding Funchal-bay, &c. The Portugueſe ſoldiers, if ſuch they may be called, partook of the duty with much cordiality; they are very indifferent in

point of diſcipline, and contemptible with regard to appointment; they have but a limited ſupply of ammunition, and that of the worſt deſcription—their balls being unſuited to their guns, and their guns (of which there are a profuſion) being for the greater part unfit for ſervice.

The revenues which the crown is entitled to receive from Madeira, including the taxes of Port Sancto, amount to 10 per cent. on all produce, except the imports of the iſlands, and conſequently varies according to the richneſs of the vintages, and the demand for their wines in different ſeaſons. However, the officer of the cuſtoms, a few years ago, agreed with government to pay a certain ſum annually, and purchaſe the Fiſcal income at his own riſque. By that compromiſe it is ſuppoſed nearly two-thirds of the money collected from the taxable property and duties is clear gain to the gentleman employed in this department.

The public edifices moſt deſerving notice, are the governor's palace, the cathedral, the monaſtery of St. Francis, and the college.

The palace is an old building that borders on the ſea. It is fortified by a parapet and ſome towers; the rooms are ſpacious, and were formerly very elegant, but are much injured by time. A governor, during a cannonade, would be in more danger from the maſſy ſtones of his caſtle, or the rebounding of his own guns, than from the exploſions of thoſe of the enemy.

The monaſtery of St. Francis is a ſpacious and convenient aſylum for the pious and world-ſick. The church is large and handſomely decorated, though part is left unfiniſhed, and affords an apology for the brethren to ſolicit money for the purpoſe of completing it. To this religious inſtitution is committed the care of the ſacred images which are uſed in ſolemn proceſſions. Theſe friars have good accommodations, a fine garden, and, if we may judge from appearances, are not obliged by poverty to mortify the fleſh with unreaſonable faſting.

The cathedral is a venerable Gothic pile, richly ornamented, and contains a number of good paintings. Here ſervice is performed every day, and as it is of royal endowment, the paraphernalia of religion is ſplendid and ſuperb. Between the cathedral and the church of St. Francis is a fine public garden, at one end of which is a marble of obeliſk, erected over a fountain, whoſe waters are ſpouted from the heads of ſatyrs into a capacious baſon. On the north ſide is an hoſpital for aged and infirm of both ſexes, where the ſick and ſuperannuated are comfortably and decently ſupported.

The college is a noble building, erected by the Jeſuits. It is built in the ſtile of Roman architecture, and adorned on the outſide with a number of marble ſtatues of the holy fathers, placed in niches, as large as life. It has extenſive gardens, and is a

monument

monument of the power, wealth, and taſte of its founders. The biſhop has the preſidency of this ſeminary, and, under his direction, ſuitable profeſſors and tutors are employed in educating young men for the prieſthood. The ſtudents are obliged to dreſs in the clerical habit, and to officiate as aſſiſtants and choriſters in the celebration of maſs. As the inſtitution is under the controul of the eccleſiaſtics, and the courſe of ſtudy purſued by the youth confined to theology, the college of Madeira will not be expected to produce many ſcientific luminaries.

The cuſtom-houſe is ſpacious and convenient. It is guarded by a battery of ſix 32-pounders. In the area ſentinels are placed night and day, and here the merchants aſſemble to tranſact buſineſs. Strong and well-ſecured apartments are ſituated in the rear, for the ſtorage of goods and public property. The biſhop's place of reſidence is plain, though beautiful, and diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of a palace.

On the north ſide of the iſland of Madeira, but near the ſhore, is a large inſulated rock, which is perforated entirely through—the hand of nature having formed a ſpacious arch, whoſe appearance, rugged and vaſt, with the ſea daſhing tumultuouſly under it, is truly ſublime,

In this city a printing apparatus is not allowed, and the only newſpaper that is tolerated is a written one; this is a mere price current, containing information a week old, and a French emigrant prieſt is editor and ſcribe. A theatre was built a few years ago, but was ſoon deſerted by the buſkined heroes, and it is nowconverted into a ſtore-houſe.

Remarkable Hiſtory of the Princeſs C. C. S. de Wolfenbuttel.

[From the Hiſtory of the Mauritius, written by Charles Grant, Viſcount de Vaux.]

THE unfortunate Charlotte Chriſtiana Sophia de Wolfenbuttel, wife of Czarovitz Alexis, ſon of Peter I. Czar of Muſcovy, and ſiſter of the empreſs of Charles VI. was born Auguſt 26, 1694. This princeſs, though poſſeſſed of beauty and virtue in a high degree, became an object of averſion to her huſband, a man of a ſavage and ferocious diſpoſition. He had ſeveral times attempted to poiſon her, when ſhe was ſaved by the timely application of antidotes. At length, he one day gave her ſuch a violent kick on her bowels, when ſhe was eight months advanced in her pregnancy, that ſhe fell ſenſeleſs on the floor, which was ſoon encrimſoned with her blood. Peter I. was then engaged in one of his journies: his ſon, having every reaſon to believe that his unfortunate Princeſs would not ſur-

vive the injury ſhe had received, ſet off immediately for his country-houſe. The Counteſs of Koniſmarck, mother of Marſhal de Saxe, attended on the princeſs when ſhe was brought to bed of a dead child, and nurſed her with unceaſing care. Being ſenſible, however, that, if the unfortunate woman recovered, ſhe would periſh, ſooner or later, from the brutal nature of the czarovitz, ſhe formed a plan to gain over the attendants of the princeſs, and ſuborned them to declare that ſhe was dead, as well as her infant. The czarovitz accordingly ordered her to be interred without delay, and without ceremony. Couriers were diſpatched to the czar to inform him of the event; and all the courts of Europe put on mourning for *the bundle of ſticks which were committed to the tomb.*

In the mean time the princeſs, who had been removed to a retired part of the country, gradually recovered her health; when, being poſſeſſed of ſome jewels, with a ſum of money which the Counteſs of Koniſmarck had procured for her, and clothed in the dreſs of common life, ſhe ſet off for Paris, accompanied by an old German domeſtic, who paſſed for her father. She made but a ſhort ſtay in the metropolis of France; and, having hired a female ſervant, proceeded to a ſea-port, and embarked for Louiſiana. Her figure attracted the notice of the inhabitants; and an officer of the colony, named D'Auband, who had been in Ruſſia, thought he recollected her. It was, however, with ſome difficulty that he could perſuade himſelf of the reality of what he ſaw: indeed, it was ſcarcely poſſible to believe that a woman in ſuch a ſituation could be the daughter-in-law of the Czar Peter. However, to aſcertain the truth, he offered his ſervices to the pretended father, and at length formed an intimate friendſhip with him; ſo that they agreed to furniſh a houſe, and live together at their common expence.

Some time afterwards, the gazettes, which arrived in the colony, announced the death of the czarovitz. D'Auband then declared to the princeſs his knowledge of her perſon and rank, and offered to abandon every thing in order to conduct her to Ruſſia: but ſhe, finding herſelf infinitely more happy than when ſhe was within the verge of royalty, refuſed to ſacrifice the tranquillity of her obſcure ſituation for all that ambition and grandeur had to offer. She only exacted a promiſe fron D'Auband to maintain the moſt inviolable ſecrecy, as well as to conduct himſelf towards her as he had hitherto done. He made the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations that he would obey her commands; and it ſoon became his intereſt to be faithful. The beauty, underſtanding, and virtues of the princeſs had made a deep impreſſion on his heart; and habitual intercourſe had ſerved to ſtrengthen it. He was amiable and young; and ſhe was not inſenſible to his attentions. They continued, however, to live on terms of apparent

parent friendſhip only; but became every day dearer to each other.

The old domeſtic, who paſſed for the father of the princeſs, at length, died; and ſhe could no longer, according to the rules of female decorum, ſee D'Auband as ſhe had hitherto done when under the reputed authority and protection of a parent. In this delicate ſituation, D'Auband opened to her the diſpoſitions and ſentiments of his heart; and propoſed to add a new veil to her real condition, by becoming her huſband. She conſented to his propoſition; and this princeſs, who had been deſtined to wear the crown of Ruſſia, and whoſe ſiſter actually wore that of the German empire, became the wife of a lieutenant of infantry.

In the firſt year of her marriage ſhe had a daughter, whom ſhe nurſed and educated herſelf. They had now lived ten years in this happy ſtate of mediocrity, when D'Auband was attacked by a fiſtula; and his wife, alarmed at the danger which generally accompanies the operation neceſſary for the cure of that diſorder, inſiſted that it ſhould be performed at Paris. They accordingly embarked for France; and, on his arrival at Paris, D'Auband was attended by the moſt ſkilful ſurgeons; and his wife waited on him throughout his illneſs with the moſt aſſiduous and patient affection. On his recovery, D'Auband, in order to amaſs a little independence for his family, ſolicited from the French Eaſt India Company an employment in the iſle of Bourbon, where he was appointed major.

While he was engaged in preſſing this buſineſs, his wife ſometimes went to take the air in the gardens of the Thuilleries. One day, as ſhe was ſitting upon a bench, and talking with her daughter in German, that ſhe might not be underſtood by thoſe who were near her, Marſhal de Saxe paſſed by; and, hearing two ladies ſpeak in his native language, ſtopped to look at them. The mother, lifting up her eyes, and recollecting the marſhal, inſtantly turned them to the ground; when he, ſtill more attracted by her evident embarraſſment, ſuddenly exclaimed—— "Is it poſſible!"—She did not, however, permit him to proceed; but begged him to accompany her to a more retired part of the garden, where ſhe acknowledged herſelf; and, after having requeſted his ſecrecy, invited him to ſee her own habitation; where ſhe would inform him of every thing.

On the following day Marſhal de Saxe paid her a viſit, and heard the recital of her adventures, as well as the ſhare which the Counteſs of Koniſmarck, his mother, had in them. She conjured him, at the ſame time, not to reveal any thing reſpecting her to the king, till a negociation which her huſband was agitating was concluded, and which would be completed in three months. The marſhal acquieſced, and occaſionally viſited them in private. The three months being almoſt expired, the marſhal,

ſhal, on calling to ſee her, was informed that ſhe and her huſband had quitted Paris two days before; and that M. D'Auband had been appointed to a majority in the iſle of Bourbon.

On this information, the marſhal went immediately to Verſailles, to give an account to the king of every thing relative to the princeſs; when his majeſty ſent for the miniſter of marine, M. de Machault; and, without aſſigning any reaſon, ordered him to write to the governor of the iſles of Mauritius and Bourbon, to treat M. D'Auband with every poſſible mark of diſtinction; which order was punctually executed, according to the report of Baron Grant, who had been a long time acquainted with the parties; and who remarks, as an extraordinary circumſtance, that he had ſeen the princeſs pregnant when ſhe was upwards of fifty, about the year 1745. The king alſo wrote to the Queen of Hungary, with whom he was then at war, to inform her of the fortune and ſituation of her aunt. The queen accompanied her letter of thanks to the king with one to the princeſs, in which ſhe invited her to come and reſide with her; but on condition that ſhe would quit her huſband and daughter, for whom the king engaged to make ſuitable proviſion. The princeſs, however, did not heſitate a moment to refuſe theſe conditions, and remained inviolably attached to her huſband till the year 1747, when he died.

Being now a widow, and without any children alive, ſhe returned to Paris, and took up her abode at the hotel de Peru. Her deſign was to retire to a convent; but the Queen of Hungary offered to fix her at Bruſſels, with a penſion of twenty thouſand florins. It is not known, however, whether ſhe went to reſide there; but, long after, Baron Grant ſaw her at Vitry, where ſhe lived in a very recluſe manner, with no more than three ſervants, one of whom was a negro. She was there called Madame de Moldack; ſo it is probable that ſhe married again, though the rank of her laſt huſband has not been aſcertained.—In 1768 this princeſs was ſtill alive, and active: at that time ſhe was again in a ſtate of widowhood; but when or where ſhe finiſhed her eventful life is not certainly known, though enough has been recorded to command our wonder, and to exerciſe our belief, were not the credit and character of the narrator unimpeachable.

Singular Impoſition with Reſpect to a Horſe.

A Horſe without hair, which has been ſo long exhibited in Germany as of a peculiar breed in the iſland of Cyprus, and of which a very particular account may be found in the Journal de Phyſique, and other periodical journals of the continent, turns out at laſt to be a real German horſe, of which the

following is the hiſtory, according to a notice of G. F. Sebald, in the Berlin magazine. This animal, of the common breed of the country, was formerly furniſhed with hair, and belonged to a coach-owner of Hohenloe-Oehtingen, in Franconia, by whom it was ſold to a neighbouring peaſant, in whoſe poſſeſſion it continued, while the change by which it has become ſo celebrated was going on. Being ill of the botts, his maſter mixed with his food for a whole year the leaves and young ſhoots of ſavine: ſoon after the commencement of this regimen, the horſe changed his rough coat, and became covered with fine ſhining hairs: encouraged by this, the peaſant puſhed his new medicine with vigour, and in a ſhort time the new hair fell off. A coat no leſs ſleek than the former however ſoon ſucceeded; but this in a few months fell off like the other, and the animal remained naked. A third effort was made by nature, but in vain; and the horſe became irreparably deprived of hair, except on the mane, the fetlock joint, and the tail. The peaſant, aſhamed of the ſubject of his experiment, ſold him; his new maſter plucked out the few hairs that were left, and diſpoſing of him to an ingenious Italian, he was led about as a ſhew from town to town by the name of the Wonderful Horſe from the iſland of Cyprus; the zoologiſts eagerly adopted this clumſy fraud, and, but for the ill-timed diſcovery, the luckleſs ſubject of the Franconian's experiment, it might have occupied a diſtinguiſhed place in the Syſtema Naturæ.

IMITATIONS *of* ANIMALS.

[From Strutt's Sports and Paſtimes of the People of England.]

IN the reign of Queen Anne, a man, whoſe name was Clench, a native of Barnet, made his appearance at London: I have his advertiſement before me; which ſtates that he "imitated the horſes, the huntſmen, and a pack of hounds, a ſham doctor, an old woman, a drunken man, the bells, the flute, the double curtell, and the organ with three voices, by his own natural voice, to the greateſt perfection." He then profeſſes himſelf to "be the only man that ever could attain to ſo great an art." He had, however, a rival, who is noted in one of the papers of the Spectator, and called the whiſtling man. His excellency conſiſted in counterfeiting the notes of all kinds of ſinging-birds. The ſame performance was exhibited in great perfection by the bird-tutor aſſociated with Breſlaw the juggler. This man aſſumed the name of Roſſignol, and, after he had quitted Breſlaw, appeared on the ſtage at Covent-garden theatre; where, in addition to his imitation of birds, he executed a concerto on a fiddle without ſtrings; that is, he made the notes in a wonderful manner with his

his voice, and repreſented the bowing by drawing a ſmall truncheon backward and forward over a ſtringleſs violin.

His performance was received with great applauſe; and the ſucceſs he met with produced many competitors, but none of them equalled him: it was, however, diſcovered, that the ſounds were produced by an inſtrument, contrived for the purpoſe, concealed in the mouth; and then the trick loſt all its reputation. Six years ago, I heard a poor ruſtic, a native of St. Alban's, imitate with great exactneſs, the whole aſſemblage of animals belonging to a farm-yard; but eſpecially he excelled in counterfeiting the grunting of ſwine, the ſqueaking of pigs, and the quarrelling of two dogs.

On GOOD MANNERS.

THE art of pleaſing, in our intercourſe with mankind, is indeed ſo ſimple, that it requires nothing more than the conſtant deſire to pleaſe in all our words and actions; and the practice of it can neither wound a man's ſelf-love, nor be prejudicial to his intereſt in any poſſible ſituation.

But though this be certain, it is doubtleſs leſs attended to than in reaſon it ought to be. Each particular man is ſo zealous to promote his own ends, or his own pleaſure, as to forget that his neighbour has claims equal to his own; that every man that enters into company gives up, for the time, a great many of his peculiar rights; and that he then forms part of an aſſociation, met together, not for the particular gratification of any one, but for the purpoſe of general ſatisfaction.

The qualities eſſential in the art of pleaſing, are virtue, knowledge, and manners. All the virtues which form a good and reſpectable character in a moral ſenſe, are eſſential to the art of pleaſing. This muſt be an eſtabliſhed principle, becauſe it depends on the wants and mutual relations of ſociety. In all affairs of common buſineſs, we delight in tranſacting with men in whom we can place confidence, and in whom we find integrity; but truth is ſo naturally pleaſing, and the common affairs of life are ſo interwoven with ſocial intercourſe, that we derive abundantly more ſatisfaction from an honeſt character than from ſpecious manners. Even Lord Cheſterfield could ſay, "Should you be ſuſpected of injuſtice, malignity, perfidy, lying, &c. all the parts and knowledge of the world will never procure you eſteem, friendſhip, and reſpect."

The firſt of virtues in our commerce with the world, and the chief in giving pleaſure to thoſe with whom we aſſociate, is inviolable ſincerity of heart. We can never be too punctual in the moſt ſcrupulous tenderneſs, to our moral character in this reſpect.

A RECEIPT *for* PRESERVING FAMILY PEACE.

AN emperor of China, making a journey, diſcovered a family in which the maſter, with his wives, children, grand-children, daughters-in-law, and ſervants, all lived in perfect peace and harmony. The emperor admiring this, inquired of the old man what means he employed to preſerve quiet among ſuch a number of perſons. The man, taking out a pencil, wrote only theſe words: "Patience, patience, patience."

A reſolution to preſerve peace, and to avoid unneceſſary diſputes, is very material to domeſtic happineſs, the moſt ſincere and complete that human beings can know on earth.

INSTANCE *of* COOL PERSEVERANCE.

A Chineſe prime-miniſter preſented a memorial to the emperor on a ſubject he did not like. The miniſter repeated it three days ſucceſſively. The emperor at length, in a rage, tore it in pieces. The miniſter coolly gathered up the fragments, and, paſting them together, preſented it a fourth time. This proof of his patience and perſeverance had ſuch an effect on the emperor, that he took the matter into conſideration, and complied with the requeſt.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE following pleaſing incident is related to have happened at Peterſburgh on the 29th of January, 1802:—A young officer of police, named Heyde, who, on the commencement of the froſt, was ſtationed on the quay of the Neva, to prevent any one from attempting to croſs over the ice, as yet weak, ſaw a man in the middle of the ice, who had eluded the vigilance of the police on the other ſide; by calling to him, and by threats and entreaties, he endeavoured to prevail upon the raſh adventurer to turn back, but to no purpoſe. The man advanced forward, when the ice ſuddenly broke under him, and he fell in: poor Heyde cried out for help, but all the paſſengers conſidered the danger as too great, to attempt to relieve him. The officer then pulled off his coat, walked over the ice, drew the man up, and dragged him to the bank.

At this intereſting moment, the Emperor Alexander, the friend of mankind, happening to ride by, enjoyed the pleaſing ſpectacle of ſeeing one of his ſubjects reſcued from death, in the arms of his deliverer. His majeſty thanked the officer in the kindeſt terms, preſented him with a ring which he wore on his own hand, and appointed him, on the ſpot, to a higher office.

Anſwer, by E. Penney, of Exeter, to H. Humphreys's Charade, inſerted Jan. 11.

BY CAPRICE. Sir, is clearly ſeen,
The foul fantaſtic foe you mean.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from A. L. of Poole; Contentus; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Squance, E. Moon, W. Strong, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; W. Mann, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and W. England, of Dorcheſter.

Anſwer, by A. L. of Poole, to R. Berry's Rebus, inſerted January 11.

THE initials join, and you will find
MUSIC delights all human kind.

⁂ We have received the like anſwer from George England, of Uplyme; J. Whittle, of Upway; R. Sowdon, T. Whicker, J. Squance, W. Strong, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; and R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh.

Anſwer, by a Miner, to Serjeant Bullock's Charade, inſerted January 18.

"WHEN ice and ſnow pervade our land,
"And clouds obſcure the ſky,"
The waters bound in maſſes ſtand,
Or clatter from on high.

Then as we brave the ſtinging ſhowers,
Or ſhrink from blaſts ſo keen,
We need not tempt our puzzling pow'rs—
HAIL-STONES we *feel* you mean.

⁂ We have received the like anſwer from T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Whittle, of Upway; H. Humphreys, R. Sowdon, T. Whicker, E. Penney, and J. Squance, of Exeter; W. Mann, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; and W. England, and H. H. Tullidge, of Dorcheſter.

A CHARADE, *by Philo.*

MY firſt a female you'll define;
And next a jewel call to mind:
Theſe two combin'd, in order true,
A well-known fiſh you'll have in view.

A REBUS, *by Juventus.*

MY firſt a river that in India flows;
A flower next that in the garden grows;
The third a town, which you will make appear,
Where Bonaparte was ſtopp'd in his career;
A mountain once with flames convulſive torn;
A queen who did the Engliſh throne adorn;
Then laſt of all I'd have you to diſcloſe
What doth protect us from our foreign foes:

Join the initials, and to light is brought
An hero who hath for his country fought.

POETRY.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Lines addreſſed to a young Lady on her preſenting me with a Ticket for a Dance.

WHEN Orpheus with his magic lute,
Reſounded love around the vale;
Each harden'd rock and ſavage brute
Were ſoften'd at the plaintive tale.

But when he changed his notes divine
To numbers airy, briſk, and gay;
The woods, the rocks, and herds combine
To dance along th' enchanted way.

If Orpheus then could boaſt ſuch pow'rs,
If he each brute's attention drew;
Invited by ſuch charms as your's,
Can I refuſe to dance with you?

Should I one gloomy wiſh impart
To diſobey what you've decreed,
More hard than rocks muſt be my heart,
And I muſt be a brute indeed.

O! had I bade my youth adieu,
And felt of age the pining pain,
Allur'd by ſuch a nymph as you
I'd leave my crutch, and dance again.

To dance, ye gods, delightful taſk!
How gladly does my heart comply,
Your wiſh I grant—But ſhould you aſk,
I would, fair maid! as gladly die.

Devonſhire. EDWIN.

ANACREON's ODE *to his* DOVE.

TELL me, why, my ſweeteſt dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding thro' the air in ſhowers,
Eſſence of the balmieſt flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my ſweeteſt dove.

Curious ſtranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian ſong;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,
('Twas in ſooth a gentle lay)
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now his faithful minion:
Thus with ſoftly-gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of paſſion thro' the air.
Oft he blandly whiſpers me,
"Soon, my bird, I'll ſet you free."
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I ſhall ſerve him till I die.
Never could my plumes ſuſtain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's ſavage ſwell;
Seeking in the deſart wood
Gloomy ſhelter, ruſtic food.
Now I lead a life of eaſe,
Far from ſuch retreats as theſe;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands ſweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling ſound;
Or with gentle-fanning wings
Shade the minſtrel while he ſings:
On his harp then ſink in ſlumbers,
Dreaming ſtill of dulcet numbers!

This is all—away, away,
You have made me waſte the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter ſo.

CAROLINE.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Eſq.* Author of the "Pleaſure of Hope."

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow;
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And ſing my true love all below
The holly bow'r and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood ſcents to bring,
The ſweet ſouth wind ſhall wander by,
And with the muſic of his wing
Delight my ruſtling canopy.

Come to my cloſe and cluſt'ring bow'r,
Thou ſpirit of a milder clime,
Freſh with the dews of fruit and flow'r,
Of mountain heath and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes comes,
Sweet comrade of the roſy day,
Wafting

Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever iſles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my bloſſom-woven ſhade,
Thou wand'ring wind of fairy land.

For ſure, from ſome enchanted iſle,
Where heaven and love their ſabbath hold:
Where pure and happy ſpirits ſmile,
Of beauty's faireſt, brighteſt mould.

From ſome green Eden of the deep,
Where pleaſure's ſigh alone is heav'd,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd.

From ſome ſweet paradiſe afar
Thy muſic wanders, diſtant, loſt,
Where nature lights her leading ſtar,
And love is never, never croſs'd.

O! gentle gale of Eden's bow'rs,
If back thy roſy feet ſhould roam
To revel with the cloudleſs hours
In nature's more propitious home.

Name to thy lov'd Elyſian groves
That o'er enchanted ſpirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves—
And let the name be Caroline.

To DISAPPOINTMENT.

O Thou! whoſe withering look,
And peſtilential breath,
Blaſt every glowing flow'r,
That hope, with laviſh hand, had ſpread
On the dark boſom of futurity.

O diſappointment! ſad
And gloomy is the train,
Which on thy ſteps attend:
Sorrow, with flowing eyes, is there,
Repining diſcontent, and ſick diſguſt.

If, in my tender youth,
I have already felt,
Thy influence ſevere;
Ah! can I hope to 'ſcape thy pow'r,
As farther thro' life's wilderneſs I ſtray!

Art thou of monſtrous birth,
Th' unwelcome fruit of ſin,
And her attendant made;
For, when her fatal joys we taſte,
Still doſt thou lurk behind each gilded ſcene?

Or art thou heaven-deriv'd,
And as a bleſſing ſent,
To teach the ſons of men
On nobler joys to fix their hearts,
And ſigh for realms, where thou can'ſt never dwell?

WILLIAM OF THE DALE.

FAIR Cynthia o'er the briny deep
Shone forth her trembling ſilver ray,
The world was huſh'd in ſilent ſleep
When lovely Ellen took her way
Down to the ocean's ſandy ſhore,
Eager to view each paſſing ſail,
And ſilently of Heav'n implore
Its care for William of the dale.

"Waft him, ye winds, acroſs the
"main;
"Waft him, and quicken his re-
"turn;
"That I may give him once again
"A heart which for him e'er did
"burn."

Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when off the ſhore
Appear'd the welcome wiſh'd-for ſail;
She cry'd, 'At length my grief is o'er;'
And claſp'd her William of the dale.

RINALDO.

Hymn, dictated, in 1773, *by the late Dr. Hawkeſworth, to his Wife, a Month before his Death.*

IN ſleep's ſerene oblivion laid,
I ſafely paſt the ſilent night;
At once, I ſee the breaking ſhade,
And drink again the morning light.

New born, I bleſs the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conſcious ſoul reſumes her power,
And ſprings, my gracious God! to thee.

O guide me thro' the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And ſpread thy ſhield's protecting blaze
When dangers preſs around my head.

A deeper ſhade will ſoon impend,
A deeper ſleep my eyes oppreſs;
Yet ſtill thy ſtrength ſhall me defend,
Thy goodneſs ſtill ſhall deign to bleſs.

That deeper ſhade ſhall fade away,
That deeper ſleep ſhall leave my eyes;
Thy light ſhall give eternal day!
Thy love, the rapture of the ſkies!

A REFLECTION.

REMEMBER, man! how ſhort thy life;
Be free from malice, ſin, and ſtrife.